Enter the King diſguiſed, to him Piſtoll.

Piſt. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Piſt. Diſcus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, baſe, and popeler?
King. No ſir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Piſt. Trailes thou the puiſſant pike?
King. Euen ſo ſir. What are you?
Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Piſt. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Piſt. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kis his dutie ſhoe: and from my hart ſtrings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. *Harry* le Roy.
Piſt. Le Roy, a Corniſh man:
Art thou of Corniſh crew?
Kin. No ſir, I am a Wealchman.
Piſt. A Wealchman: knowſt thou *Flewellen*?
Kin. I ſir, he is my kinſman.
Piſt. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I ſir.
Piſt. Figa for thee then: my name is *Piſtoll*.
Kin. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.
Piſt. *Piſtoll* is my name.

Exit Piſtoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen*.
Flew. In the name of Ieſu ſpeake lewer.
It is the greateſt folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You ſhall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But